

SNAKE – DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE

He reached down from a fissure in the earth – wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft—bellied down, over the edge of the
stone trough

And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where his water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He slipped with his straight gums, into his slack long body,

Silently...

He lifted his head from drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a moment...

He drank enough

And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,

And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,

Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again that broken bank of my wall-face.